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Q. What is the purpose of this document?
A. The purpose of this document is to provide a detailed description of the project and its objectives.

The project is designed to address the current challenges in the industry and to provide a comprehensive solution. It involves a series of steps and tasks that will be carried out over a period of six months.

The first step is to conduct a thorough analysis of the current situation and to identify the key areas for improvement. This will be followed by the development of a detailed plan and the implementation of the various tasks.

It is expected that the completion of this project will result in significant improvements in efficiency and productivity. The project team is committed to ensuring that all tasks are completed on time and to the highest quality.

This document serves as a guide for the project team and provides a clear overview of the project's goals and objectives. It is intended to be used as a reference throughout the project's duration.



JANE ELLIOTT.

9

A Servant of the Poor ;
or,
Some account of the Life and Death
of a
Parochial Mission Woman.

BY
A LADY-MANAGER.

Published under the Direction of the Tract Committee.

LONDON :
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In memory of
Jane Elliott
a parochial mission woman
who entered into rest
June 21. 1873,

Bear ye one
another's burdens

Gal. vi. 2.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been asked, as Head of the Association under which Jane Elliott's work was carried on, to write an introduction to the following narrative. Very few words are needed for the purpose. It is the perfectly truthful account of an uneventful life ; but it is hoped that it may interest many, by showing what noble and holy service to God and man can be rendered by a simple poor woman under the guidance and training of the Church of England.

The story of Jane Elliott's life could not be told without frequent allusions to the system of the Parochial Mission-Women Association, her connection with which had,

no doubt, a great share in moulding her character; and it is feared that some of these details may prove rather unintelligible to those who are unacquainted with the system of the Association, but more detailed explanation seemed out of place in such a narrative.

The office of the Association is at 54, Parliament Street, S. W. And reports and full details of its working can be obtained thence by any one who may desire it.

C. S. TALBOT.

Easter, 1874.

A SERVANT OF THE POOR.

TWENTY years ago Bow Common was in the fields, here and there a footpath crossed it, very little frequented by day, and considered so unsafe by night that respectable persons going from Limehouse to Bromley waited, like East Indiamen, for a convoy to pass a spot the resort of robbers and footpads. Gradually London spread in this as in other directions. Most of the Common belonged to the rope-manufacturing firm known as Stoddart and Co., of which the late Mr. Cotton was the last survivor, and on the dissolution of the firm the land was laid out for building purposes. Happily the owner of the property was one of those who recognise the duty of landlords to provide for the spiritual wants of their work-people and tenants. God had not only intrusted him with great wealth and power of influence, but had granted him the still greater blessing of wise and holy friendships. His experience of the use of fortune can be given in his

own words at seventy-three: "I have found that the greatest real pleasure from wealth is to be secured, not by accumulation, but by spending it to advance the glory of God, and the good of our fellow-creatures." As one of the founders of the National Society and the Diocesan Church Building Society, his name will always be associated with those valuable institutions, and from his intimate friendship with Bishop Blomfield, his memory will be cherished as the great lay-helper of that eminent prelate.

In 1858, Mr. Cotton's idea of forming a new ecclesiastical district at Bow Common was put into practice, by taking portions of the older parishes of Limehouse, Bromley, and Stepney. A church, parsonage, and schools were built, and the former was consecrated on the 30th of October. Several circumstances combine to give a peculiar and touching interest to this church. It was chiefly built with the fortune of Mr. Cotton's third son, whose short life had been rich in promise of a glorious eternity, while his fourth and youngest son became the first incumbent. Bishop Blomfield, with whom Mr. Cotton had been associated in the building of ten churches in Bethnal Green, had previously to its consecration retired from active life, but on his death-bed he sent for Mr. Cotton, and, to show his interest in the work, handed over to him, for use in the church in Bow

Common, a service of gold communion-plate, bequeathed to the bishop by good Queen Adelaide. The population, which in 1858 was estimated at 1,400, has so grown and multiplied round the new church, that it has reached 9,000—this rapid growth having been stimulated by the building of new factories, each furnishing employment to a large number of persons. Still, though the Common has disappeared, or rather been covered by shops and houses, the general appearance of the place to a stranger is that of a prosperous suburb rather than a part of London itself. Many of the houses have gardens, and look like rows of tiny villas, and there is very little squalor or overcrowding among the people. The more thrifty artisans rent a whole house, and let the upper floors to less well-to-do comrades. Unhappily the existence of a church does not always secure the attendance of a congregation, nor do high wages and regular work necessarily promote comfort and providence. Here, as elsewhere, too many families live as wholly without religion as if England were still a heathen nation, and large numbers of the women are ignorant of the management, cleanliness, and order necessary for the right fulfilment of the duties of wives and mothers. For these reasons Rev. Arthur Cotton applied for help, in July 1864, to the Lady-Managers of the Parochial Mission-Women Fund. The object of this Associ-

ation, which has no connection with almsgiving, is the improvement of the homes and habits of the poor by the employment of one of themselves, who, as a model poor woman, shall serve as a living proof of the powers of happiness and comfort which lie within their reach.

Each of these Mission-women is placed by the Incumbent under a Lady-Superintendent, who is herself under the guidance of the Managers of the Association in carrying on her work.. In adding these two agents to his parochial machinery, Mr. Cotton hoped to win many hitherto unreached, and to make them better, happier, and holier. Miss K—— and her Mission-woman were appointed by him in January 1865, and in February 1869 it was found necessary to place a second Parochial Mission-woman, under this excellent and energetic Lady-Superintendent.

It is dangerous as well as difficult to attempt to estimate results, especially where, as is happily the case at St. Paul's, the mission-workers form part of an extensive organization; but the subject of this brief memoir is proof enough, if any be needed, of the nature of the work attempted, as well as of the success sometimes granted to the agents.

Jane Elliott was born at Leicester in 1817, but, as her parents removed to Exeter while she was still an infant, she always spoke of herself as a West-country woman. Her early life was em-

bittered by the misconduct of her father, a small farmer, who not only wasted his property, but frequently deserted his wife and seven children for weeks together. Jane's mother was a pious and sensible person, who took great pains to give her children a good education, and sent the little girl to a day school in Exeter, of which she spoke gratefully in after life, as having learnt two things of daily use—viz., plain needlework and the Church Collects. When Jane was fifteen her mother died, but though her father was fetched from a public-house to his wife's dying bed, the sad sight failed to produce any good effect on his character. The home was broken up, and Jane sent to London to an aunt, who obtained for her the place of nurserymaid in a Dissenting family, where she remained until her marriage, being greatly beloved and respected by both parents and children for her conscientious and unselfish devotion to her duties. Jane was married at St. Margaret's church, Westminster, on the 17th of October, 1841. Her husband was a blacksmith. But their union was not a happy one, as he was often unsteady, and, though never positively unkind to his wife, would frequently get drunk. Their first married home was in Southwark; but, after several moves, they settled in St. Paul's, Bow Common, where Elliott obtained good and regular work. They rented a whole house there, letting two furnished

rooms, which were always occupied, as the wife was an excellent manager as well as an honest landlady. Having no children, she adopted a nephew of her husband's and a niece of her own. The boy was a source of constant anxiety, and finally ran away from home, and died in 1860. On the education of her niece and namesake, Jane, she bestowed great pains, teaching her to be neat and orderly in her habits, and obedient to her commands. The little girl never missed saying her morning and evening prayers with her aunt, and as she got older she read a few verses from Holy Scripture before going to Sunday school.

It is one of the privileges of a strong and unselfish character that it inspires strong affection in others. It will be seen how remarkably this was the case with Mrs. Elliott, whose memory is cherished wherever she was known by persons of all classes. A lady, who was the Visitor in her district many years ago, still speaks with warm affection of the straight-forward, kind-hearted woman, whose house was so well ordered, and character so excellent, that she could only regret her being such a bigoted Dissenter.

Mrs. Elliott's house was amongst the first visited by the Parochial Mission-woman, who began to work in St. Paul's, Bow Common, in 1865, and a great deal of discussion passed between them on religious questions, in the course of which

Mrs. Elliott would express in strong terms her dislike to the Church, and her contempt for the forms and ceremonies, in which she maintained Church worship alone consisted. As this dislike was shown with equal plainness to Church agents, it required considerable patience and courage in the Mission-woman to continue her visits. She was rewarded at last by the remark, "I wonder you don't get tired of calling on me." "No, I shall never get tired," was the reply. "Then I will belong to the mission, for you seem one of my sort; I never thought to find such in the cold, proud Church." She began by depositing, but soon afterwards attended the weekly meetings, where she became acquainted with the Lady-Superintendent. Not long after this her husband was brought home dead.

"God's finger touched him, and he died."

He had been seized with spasms of the heart when walking along the street, had been taken into a chemist's shop, and expired there almost immediately. The sympathy shown to his widow by her clergyman and his lay-helpers still further removed her prejudices. After a very short time Mrs. Elliott told the Mission-woman that she had left the chapel and returned to church. Her attendance at the weekly Mothers' meetings became more frequent, and a marked change began to appear in her

manner and address. The payment from the club to which her husband belonged enabled her to meet his funeral expenses; she had no debts, and resolved to continue to take in lodgers, and to go out nursing, by which means she was enabled to earn a comfortable livelihood, and to continue that habit of bestowing both time and money on others which always distinguished her character. During her connection with the Dissenters she had taken an active part in their bazaars and tea-drinkings, it was not therefore unnatural that she should now desire a share in the organized Church-work which she saw around her. She had reaped so much benefit from the visits of the Mission-woman and the teaching of the Lady-Superintendent, that she sent a message to Miss K——, expressing a strong wish to help her, and adding, "If she will only give me a trial I will spend myself in Church-work." The Divine Master heard this prayer. The opportunity came. The wish was granted, and after four years of work and one of suffering, Jane Elliott's short, bright service ended—for

"Home she's gone, and ta'en her wages."

In October 1867 one of the former curates of St. Paul's, Bow Common, accepted the charge of the Mission District of St. Augustine's, within the parish of St. Philip's, Stepney, where Edward Denison was at that time living and labouring,

and writing those letters (recently published), which contain so accurate a description of this parish and its inhabitants as to leave little room for further comment from those far less qualified to judge of either.

One of the most frequent remarks of the day is the growing size of London. The great city spreads itself in every direction, and may now be said to be divided into three distinct towns—viz., the East of London, the West-end, and the south side of the river; representing labour, wealth, and degradation, and combining to form what may be called the City of Contrasts. For every variety of human life may be found within the limits of the metropolis—utter luxury and deep poverty, real piety and brutal vice. Nor is it necessary to go from one to another of the above-named divisions to be struck with the extreme differences existing in different parts of the capital. The London of the present day includes what were formerly separate villages or suburbs, many of which retain some portion of their original character. Two neighbouring parishes will vary with the occupations of their inhabitants. Factories gather round them a certain number of “hands,” whose food, clothing, and general habits of life are regulated by the nature of the work done, the hours during which they labour, and the fact whether women, as well as men, are employed. Particular vices seem to

cling to certain localities, like a plague-spot on a wall, infecting all who dwell within its shadow, while the adjoining parish may be almost free from that form of sin. Some trades practise such a sub-division of labour as to make it necessary that the several workers should live near each other. Foreign revolutions have frequently sent skilled workmen to teach a new manufacture to English people, and give at the same time a special character to the locality. Thus the Jews in Whitechapel, the French in Spitalfields, the Swiss in Clerkenwell, and the Germans in Stepney, have each a large settlement, and while employing English labour and English capital, influence the English people in the details of daily life to a great extent. Perhaps the chief employment of the inhabitants is what determines the ruling characteristic of a district. Whether the workmen are skilled or casual labourers; whether the women work at home or out of doors, singly, or together in a factory; these are questions which have a vast influence for weal or for woe, not only on their lives, but on their final destiny. In going from St. Paul's, Bow Common, to St. Philip's, Stepney, Mr. Cartwright made practical experience of the varieties contained in neighbouring parishes. Instead of a flourishing suburb, with its beautiful new church, parsonage, and schools, St. Augustine's is situated in the midst of a narrow street of old

and ill-built houses, with a whole family in every room, and that lack of light, air, and water which marks the low quarters of the town. A colony of Germans had gathered round the sugar factory, and another rough set found work in the docks, or as hawkers and costermongers. The mechanics at Bow Common frequently earned 30*s.* and 40*s.* a-week. At St. Philip's, Stepney, Mr. Denison gives an average of from 15*s.* to 20*s.* a-week. Two houses had been thrown together, upon the site of which a temporary school-chapel was built, where Divine Service was conducted. The parish church of St. Philip's—of which St. Augustine's was only a Mission district—was in a deplorable condition. The rain streamed in through the roof, and oozed in through the windows, and there were no means of warming it. In the truest sense of the word, it was a Mission to which the three workers from St. Paul's devoted their lives at St. Augustine's. Among the many difficulties which beset the commencement of the new clergyman's work at St. Augustine's, was the disorganized state of that portion of it in connection with the Parochial Mission-Women Association, which had been suspended for a few months by the Lady-Managers, but which he desired to restart with thoroughly efficient agents.

Accordingly, when he had arranged with the Managers for a renewal of the grant for the main-

tenance of a Parochial Mission-woman in St. Augustine's, the next work of the clergyman was to find a person whom he could recommend to the Association as fitted for the duties of that position, and a Lady-Superintendent, capable both of guiding the Mission-woman, and of dealing with the various cases to be reached by her. He was happy in ultimately finding both in the parish where he had formerly been, and of bringing both to that to which he had gone. Miss J. L——'s first experience as a Superintendent was unsatisfactory, for the person selected as a Mission-woman proved a failure. Application was then made to Miss K—— to recommend a successor, and as the application was received shortly after Mrs. Elliott's message, she was suggested for the vacant post. The rule of the Association is that, when an incumbent has selected the agent he wishes to employ, she must be seen and approved by one of the Managers before she is finally appointed. The lady who undertakes this duty, in her conversation with Mrs. Elliott was soon satisfied that she was a poor woman, accustomed to earn her own living by the labour of her hands, and whose own life had given her full experience of the trials and temptations of the poor to whom she was to be a model and a friend, and for whose benefit she would gladly undertake the various kind offices suggested to her. Nor was there any

difficulty on the money question. One of the charms of Mrs. Elliott's character was its rare disinterestedness, which enabled her fully to grasp the principle of payment adopted by the Society. The Managers do not look upon their Mission-women as undertaking a paid service, in which so much labour is to be rewarded by so much money. They believe that amongst the working women of England there are hundreds whose love to God and His poor is as true, as deep, and as self-sacrificing as that of the rich can be—women whose very poverty fits them for that special work among the poor which can only be accomplished by persons on their own level. To such volunteers they offer a maintenance proportionate to their individual needs, thus freeing them to live for others, but not rewarding them for doing so. Their circumstances differ, and so therefore do their allowances. One candidate is a widow with several children dependent upon her exertions. The next may be the wife of a well-to-do mechanic, and does not therefore require or receive so much from the Association. It was settled with Mrs. Elliott that she should receive ten shillings a-week, out of which she would pay her own rent, as well as her board and clothing. The only point of doubt was the absence of real Church principle; for though, as has been related, Mrs. Elliott had entirely left the Dissenting chapel, she seemed

ignorant of the claim which the Church has upon all her members, nor was she at that time a communicant. The Managers therefore called attention to this, and suggested that the Incumbent or Lady-Superintendent should undertake to instruct her on this important subject. The sequel will show what a faithful daughter of the Church of England she ultimately became. Her work began by a great sacrifice on her part, for she gave up her little house, sold a good deal of her furniture, and removed from Bow Common to small apartments in a close street in St. Augustine's. It is believed by those who knew her best that this sacrifice was made deliberately on her part from love to that Saviour Who has commanded us to lay down our lives for the brethren. Having made it to Him, and for His dear sake, she never boasted of her sacrifice to men, and it was not till after her death that the facts were fully known even to the Managers. Can we wonder that work undertaken in such a spirit should have prospered in her hands?

It was in May 1868 that Mrs. Elliott became the Parochial Mission-woman of St. Augustine's, Stepney. She went about her work with great energy, going from top to bottom of every house, and trying to promote the happiness and comfort of every individual with whom she came in contact. Generally the acquaintance began by her begging

them to save their pence for the purchase of some useful articles, of which she saw them to be in want. But though she promised to call again regularly for their weekly deposits, she also told them to send for her in any sudden illness—"Never mind calling me up at night. Whenever you want me only send, and I'll come as fast as feet can carry me." She had a special love for children, which they soon discovered, and would run to meet her in the streets or on the stairs, and at the meetings would cling to her dress or climb her knee, sure of a smile and kiss from their friend. Poor little people! The rough tones and harsh complaints with which they were surrounded gave to that kind face and cheery voice a double charm. How often, when a mother was ill or incapable, would Mrs. Elliott fetch the water, light the fire, and wash the neglected baby! How many little creatures would she dress and lead off to school, or guide back to their homes; and what nice hot dinners would she teach the women to buy and cook for a very small cost! Gradually the circle of her influence spread. Those who at first shut the door in her face, or even greeted her with abuse, heard of her kindness to others, and learnt to their astonishment that a wise, good friend was living in their midst, one of themselves in means and station, but living only for their good, going oftenest where most needed, and

working hardest for those who seemed the most wretched and degraded. My own personal acquaintance with her began in the following manner:—

On several occasions Lady C—— has most kindly invited all the Parochial Mission-women to spend an afternoon at her villa at Roehampton. It is impossible to describe the pleasure given by these entertainments, when the working women leave the close alleys and crowded streets, where their lives are so well spent, to walk on smooth lawns, sit under green trees, look at bright flowers, and take away with them to every part of London a store of happy recollections, of the welcome given them for their work's sake. It was at one of these delightful parties, in July 1868, that I first saw Mrs. Elliott, who had been only at work a few weeks, and I can never forget the impression made by her on my mind. She wore a black alpaca gown, made quite plainly, and a bonnet trimmed with mauve ribbon, the extreme neatness and simplicity of her dress making her quite a model Mission-woman in appearance. The face was a marked one, from its combination of strength and sweetness, and the quiet straight-forward manner quite harmonized with the truthful eyes and firm mouth. We had a long talk, in which she told me a great deal about her poor people, but very little about her own doings for them. She was sorrowfully impressed with their improvi-

dence and intemperance, by the brutal habits of the men, and the sloth and ignorance of household duties shown by the women. I can recall her earnest face and voice as she said, "It isn't *gifts* these poor creatures want, it's knowledge." I pointed to the party of nearly one hundred Mission-women, and said she had given the reason which had induced the founders to start our Association; to which she replied, "I wish that we did not cost so much, for then there could be more of us." At this very time Mrs. Elliott was allowing 8s. a-month to her late husband's mother out of the 10s. a-week which she received from the funds of the Parochial Mission-women Society.

The following letter from Mr. Cartwright, written a few months afterwards, gives an interesting account of the progress of the Mission:—

" ST. AUGUSTINE'S MISSION,
GREENFIELD STREET, E.

October 21, 1868.

"I have paid into your office the sum of 5*l.*, as I guaranteed. I am very happy to be able to give you in many respects a satisfactory report of the working of the Parochial Mission-woman in this district. I feel the less hesitation in speaking favourably of the work, because its progress is due almost entirely to the Lady-Superintendent, Miss I. L——, and not to myself.

"You are aware that the Mission restarted last January under circumstances of great disadvantage.

Many of the people complained that formerly they had been robbed, that the things were not good, and they used many abusive words to the Mission-woman when she called upon them. Time, however, has wrought a change in this respect. Unfortunately the first Parochial Mission-woman whom we employed was not entirely a suitable person. Although she went about her work regularly and faithfully, yet she was above her employment. I have been very fortunate in the selection of the present Mission-woman. She was, as you perhaps may be aware, a Dissenter; but I had known her for some years as an honest, God-fearing woman, and I felt sure that if I could persuade her to become a Church-woman she would be exactly the person I required. I have no hesitation in saying that Mrs. Elliott's whole heart is in her work, and that therefore it has prospered in her hands. Soon after she was appointed the Mission took a fresh start. The number of depositors has now equalled the 200 leaves which are bound up in her book, and I am informed that she is weekly obliged to refuse new depositors. I hope, therefore, that if a book of 300 leaves be given to her at Christmas, she will be able in the course of next year to bring the depositors up to that number. I find her very much respected in the district. She is spoken of as a motherly kind of person, who knows how to bring up children. She is no gossip, which in this district is an overwhelming recommendation. She has brought a few persons to church, which the first Mission-woman never did, and would, I believe, have brought more, but for causes which I cannot explain, but which I hope in the commencement

of next year will be removed. The attendance at the meetings is not what it should be, and I regret to say it does not seem to be much on the increase. In this building I am cramped for room in every direction. There is a German Baptist chapel in the next street, which I think might be hired to hold the meetings on Mondays from two to four o'clock. I shall not be afraid of any of the people going there, because the services on Sunday are always held in German, the minister lives a long way off, and never visits any, not even Germans, who do not belong to his congregation.

“In conclusion, allow me to ask you if you could induce some lady to take an interest in your work in this district as a Supplemental Lady¹? The district is very poor; the calls upon my own pocket are as heavy as I can possibly bear; so that there are many little things in which I cannot help Miss L—— as I would wish. Nor have I any one to whom I can go for help. Above all, both to her and myself, sympathy alone would be a great boon; for none but those who have worked an absolutely poor district can tell the discouragements which they have to bear.”

This letter was gladly received and laid before the Committee of the Society. A book ruled for a larger number of depositors was provided, an allowance of two shillings a-week was offered towards the expense of hiring the German chapel.

¹ The title of Supplemental Ladies has been adopted by ladies, who wish to “supplement” the work of a district in various ways for which it has no sufficient resources within itself.

Meanwhile the daily work was steadily growing. With regard to the weekly savings collected by Mrs. Elliott in the houses of the poor, at all hours, and with indefatigable earnestness, the following table will be interesting, as showing the gradual progress of thrift among the proverbially thriftless:—

				£	s.	d.
Total deposited during year	ending	Dec. 31,	1868	62	17	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
”	”	”	”	1869	85	4 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
”	”	”	”	1870	97	8 9
”	”	”	”	1871	117	6 10 $\frac{3}{4}$

The rule of the Association is that the deposits are to be collected by the Mission-woman in the homes of the poor, and not brought by them to the meeting. Having thus a reason for going from cellar to garret, and for repeating the visit, tact and devotion are shown by the use made of these opportunities.

The following instances will explain how Mrs. Elliott dealt with some of the people to whom she thus introduced herself—

An elderly couple, whose extreme poverty but evident respectability much interested her, had a grown-up daughter in good service. Suddenly the girl came home, but refused to state her reason for doing so. Mrs. Elliott contrived to get her alone, and then asked her if she were not likely to become a mother. At first the girl denied the

fact; but after a little wise and kindly talk she broke down, and told her new friend the sad story of a long engagement and a sudden fall. The man was out of work, and could not afford the money necessary for their marriage; but there was reason to believe in the reality of the sorrow expressed by both parties for their sin. A portion of the money was therefore given, and Mrs. Elliott, having made all the necessary arrangements, accompanied the parents and daughter to St. Philip's church, Stepney, where they were met by the man, and the young pair married. As they were leaving the church the old father was so overcome with thankfulness, that he knelt down, and with tears besought a blessing on the Mission-woman and the Lady-Superintendent, whose united help had rescued his child from degradation. Mrs. Elliott would often speak of that wedding-day as one of the happiest Sundays in her life. In another somewhat similar case she watched over the poor young mother with the tenderest care, got her a small place, visited her frequently in it, and kept up the mother's love for the baby, who had been sent to a Home. The girl did so well, that after a time she had made herself a new character, and is now in respectable service, maintaining her child by her earnings. During Mrs. Elliott's last illness she never missed an opportunity of going to see her dying friend,

to whom she owed the greatest debt one woman can to another.

Many of the persons ultimately won to the Mission first received Mrs. Elliott with such rudeness and abuse as to make great demands on her patience and perseverance. One strange-tempered woman was for a long time silent and surly, but yielded at last to the kind interest taken in her solitary life by the Mission-woman. Her early home had been in the country, where she had been carefully brought up and confirmed; but, like too many others, after settling in London had gradually given up all religious habits. Like the piece of silver mentioned in the Gospels, she had been "lost" in the neglected crowd of the great "house," but was now "found" by a diligent woman. She was first persuaded to go to a meeting by Mrs. Elliott, which she so enjoyed that she became a regular attendant. The little concluding services were greatly blessed to her, and after a while Mrs. Elliott had the happiness of accompanying her country friend to church and the Holy Communion.

To return to the scheme mentioned in the letter. The plan for hiring the German chapel had to be abandoned, because the women unanimously said they could not attend if the meetings were held in the afternoons; and in its stead that of a Mission-house was proposed, in which Mrs. Elliott

could also reside. The great difficulty of finding a suitable house at a moderate rent, however, prevented the execution of this plan for nearly three years. Mrs. Elliott's home was always daintily clean and neat; in fact she was a model housewife, and so good and economical a cook, that it was a common saying among the poor, "Mrs. Elliott can make 6*d.* go as far as anybody else could 9*d.*" She often went to the market with the wives, and having shown them what to buy, would return to their homes and teach them how to cook it.

It is the custom of the Association to endeavour to secure to every Mission-woman a fortnight's holiday in the year, when she may have the benefit of change of air and rest. In July 1869 Miss I. L—— wrote that Mrs. Elliott appeared overworked, and added that she thought she needed an entire change. The Sisters of St. Peter's Home had taken temporary charge of a small Convalescent Cottage at Dorking, and there Mrs. Elliott spent a fortnight, returning to London full of praise of the kindness of the Sisters, and of thankfulness for the renewed strength gained under their care. It was not surprising that she was overdone, for she was often up a whole night with a sick person, without in any way diminishing her ordinary work the next day, which included every sort of kindness. She would accompany women going to be measured for instruments provided by

the Surgical Aid Society, lest they should feel nervous at being alone. She would go to the Dispensary to fetch medicines for those too infirm to go themselves. Nor would she lose sight of her patients when removed into the London Hospital, where she might generally be found on the visiting days, cheering the sick with her kind and cheery presence, telling them how all was going on in their homes, carrying away their soiled linen, either to wash herself or get washed for them, according to the circumstances of each case, but taking good care that the clean articles should return to the patient at the proper time. One poor victim to the brutality of a profligate husband used to watch for these visits with the keenest anxiety, for from the Mission-woman she could hear of the man she still loved, notwithstanding his ill-usage. But Mrs. Elliott did not confine her interview with the husband to giving him the affectionate messages of his long-suffering wife. To use her own words, "she told him her mind quite plainly," and the result was that he provided tea, sugar, and butter for his wife during the many weeks she was confined to the hospital. It is to be hoped that the fulfilment of one small duty may have led to the acknowledgment of others.

Gradually these labours began to tell very favourably on the poor, and many who would have turned a deaf ear to good words, were forced

to believe in the reality of a religion which brought forth such good deeds. The preceding instances will in some measure explain the influence she exercised, and which is thus described by the Vicar of St. Philip's, Stepney, in a letter from which we venture to make the following extract :—

“Perhaps, if you were to ask me what was special in Mrs. Elliott's relation to the poor among whom she laboured, I should say it was her power of inspiring them with trust in her judgment and respect for her character. She was not a mere agent or functionary in the district, she was a friend and counsellor. Whether the circumstance that, though latterly straitened in means, she originally belonged to a class somewhat higher in social level than that which is generally to be found in St. Augustine's, had anything to do with her rare influence among the poor, I will not here discuss. Certainly she was a presence and a power of remarkable virtue. Doubtless this influence was immensely strengthened by her entire self-sacrifice.”

Now and then her niece would remonstrate with her aunt for the disturbed nights which followed these active days, but Mrs. Elliott's usual answer was, “I will gladly spend and be spent for Christ.” Bishop Jeremy Taylor's prayer seemed made for her—“Feed us till we be quite spent in Thy Service.”

In 1870 Lady B—— undertook to give to St. Augustine's that supplemental help for which

Mr. Cartwright had asked in his letter of October 1868. By her aid the following plans for a Loan Mangle and a Loan Sewing-Machine were set on foot, and two widows with large families of small children were among the earliest benefited by them. In both cases a deposit was paid before the bread-winning article was removed to the widow's room, and a weekly sum promised by her for its use. If the latter was regularly paid, the hire and the deposit were counted as purchase-money, and on a given day the mangle or machine became the property of the hirer. But if the widow failed to pay the promised contribution, the article lent could be claimed by the Lady-Superintendent (acting on behalf of the Supplemental Lady), and in that case all the money paid for its hire would be forfeited and employed in repairs. Happily the necessity has never yet arisen, in Stepney or elsewhere, of putting this part of the scheme into practice. The plan was one which much interested Mrs. Elliott. She took great pains both to help the widows to get work and to keep them up to making their weekly payments, which were generally collected by her. It was the same with regard to the weekly contributions from those parents whose children Lady B—— helped to board out or to place at Industrial Schools, Orphanages, or Homes. In all such undertakings Mrs. Elliott's hearty and

sensible co-operation could be relied on ; and these are some of the many occasions on which the influence of a Mission-woman and her knowledge of character are tested. She ought to know whose promise may be trusted, whose efforts are likely to be steady, and whose work will probably succeed. It is no exaggeration to say that Mrs. Elliott's sagacity was seldom at fault, and her kindness never failed.

I asked a poor needlewoman who was sewing for me why she spoke so affectionately of Mrs. Elliott. "Me and mine would have been in the workhouse if it hadn't been for her," was the immediate reply, explained by her history. The husband was a sugar-baker, and in regular work. They had seven children, and would have been comfortably off if he had not been a determined drunkard—fixing beforehand the time for "a lark," when he would be for several days in a state of intoxication, during which time he would kick, beat, and ill-use his family. On more than one occasion he attacked his wife with a knife, and she had to get under the table to escape from his drunken fury. Disease of the brain came on, and after a time he was taken to the Infirmary, leaving a ruined home, which his vices had emptied of furniture and clothes. "I thought there was nothing for my children but the workhouse ; but Mrs. Elliott came and put new spirit into me."

She got a little work for the woman. Miss I. L—— found places for the two sons, and, to use the mother's own words, "They kept my heart alive in me." When a good situation had been found for Mrs. —— in the country, Mrs. Elliott took charge of one of the lads, allowing him for six weeks to sleep on the floor of her sitting-room, and to share her own meals. Mrs. —— is now an hospital nurse. It is three years since her husband left her, and for more than two she has paid two shillings a-week towards the maintenance of her two girls at the Industrial School in the country, where Lady B—— placed them, supplementing the mother's contribution, and thus giving the children the best chance of success in future life.

Mrs. Elliott's love for children dated from the hour of their birth; in fact, she was frequently their first, and certainly their best friend. Visitors to the weekly meetings were often struck with one little fellow in particular, whose tiny arms were held out, as he trotted as fast as baby feet could carry him from his mother to Mrs. Elliott. The latter would gladly catch him up, and cover her godson with kisses, keeping him in her arms as long as possible, and when obliged to part with him for a few moments, enthroning him on the flannels and calicoes, where he sat in solemn silence, waiting till she could snatch him up again, with a "Bless you, my darling!" It was

a pretty sight to watch the Mission-woman, in her dark dress, snow-white cap and apron, with her nursling clinging so tightly to her neck, or sitting so happily on her knee. They are together again now, and for ever; for some childish ailment ended little "Dottie's" life before he had completed his third year.

"There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

The parents were among her firmest friends. The man was a cobbler; and when first Mrs. Elliott became acquainted with them they were living in one room, in which the husband and another man were at work during the confinement of the wife. The Mission-woman attended the poor thing, who had no other female friend, and washed and dressed an older child as well as the new-born infant, repeating her kind offices until the mother was well enough to fulfil her own duties, when she accompanied her to be churched and stood sponsor for her boy. Some time afterwards the husband obtained regular work in one of the suburbs, and there Mrs. Elliott kept the Christmas of 1870 as their dear and honoured guest.

The rules which are best obeyed are generally those to which the exceptions are distinctly recognised, and therefore in that which

forbids that a Parochial Mission-woman should be a bearer of alms, the Managers have always made the one exception, that she may carry food, either cooked or uncooked, to the sick, *but to the sick only*. Many a light pudding, or cup of soup, or bit of fish, is thus enjoyed by those who have neither the means to procure nor the skill to prepare such dainties. Some of the Supplemental ladies, desirous of providing additional nourishment to poor women after their confinements, have found the best way of doing so to be that of letting the Parochial Mission-woman fetch a dinner three days a week for one month from the eating-house. In most parts of London a plate of slices from a hot joint and potatoes may be thus procured for fourpence. Besides the economy, this plan secures its being eaten by the patients and not shared by their family. Unfortunately no such eating-house was to be found near enough to St. Augustine's to allow of this plan being carried out, without making too great demand on Mrs. Elliott's time and strength in going and coming. She therefore begged her Superintendent to allow her to undertake the matter at her own house, assuring her that she could provide similar dinners at the same rate, and would gladly do so. The question was referred to the Managers of the Association, who consented to this being done, when necessary, twice a-week; and this Mission-woman accord-

ingly added to her various other functions that of purveyor to lying-in depositors! Of course the number of dinners varied with the frequency of these events, no woman being allowed more than one dozen such meals; but the first account sent to Lady B—— shows that from April 14 to May 26 Mrs. Elliott had provided and cooked sixty hot meat dinners for the sum of one pound, all of which she had carried herself to her patients. It was not till some time after that it came to Miss L——'s knowledge that her Mission-woman was using her own fuel in preparing these dinners for others. The kindly feeling called out by this help at a time of special need was very great; and the Superintendent relates that, going one "dinner-day" to visit a woman whose husband was out of work and herself very ill after a bad confinement, the poor creature told her that she had had such a longing for a bit of mutton that she could not help telling her husband of it. After the man had started on his search for employment, suddenly Mrs. Elliott appeared at her bedside, and told her to cheer up, for that Lady B—— had sent her a nice hot dinner. "And," added the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, "it was a piece of roast mutton, Miss."

Early in 1871 the affection of the rough but warm-hearted poor, among and for whom she lived, made them desirous of giving Mrs. Elliott a present.

Afterwards two of their number were selected by the others to get from Miss I. L—— the name and address of every depositor, on whom one of the deputed pair would call and ask if she was willing to contribute to the united love-token. There were only two real refusals; for those who had no money, when first asked, brought their pence a day or two later. The strictest secrecy was observed, and no one but members of the Mission were allowed to contribute. When the money had been thus collected, Miss L—— was again consulted as to the best present that it would procure. She most wisely suggested a silver watch; and, as her idea was deservedly popular, she kindly procured one at wholesale price, had it engraved, and kept in readiness for an Easter Tea-drinking on a vast scale, when, on their behalf, it was presented to their Mission-woman. A lady resident in the East of London, and of large experience among the inhabitants, to whose best interests her whole life is devoted, was present on this occasion, and describes it as one never to be forgotten. She was particularly struck with the universal feeling of respect as well as love manifested to Mrs. Elliott by the whole assembly, in their manner and language no less than by their gift. One woman with an infant in her arms, said to the stranger, "I have reason to bless Mrs. Elliott, if anybody has." Being asked why, she replied, "When I

was confined she came to me, did everything for me—for I was so poor I couldn't get things ready. She sat up with me four nights running, and came in every day for a fortnight to wash baby and set me to rights. I couldn't have been better cared for if I had been a lady with money to pay a nurse." The watch was an excellent one, and bears the following inscription:—

"From
THE DEPOSITORS IN THE PAROCHIAL MISSION FUND
To
MRS. ELLIOTT,
Their Mission-woman.
St. Augustine's Mission. Easter 1871."

On the morning of the day fixed for the presentation a very poor German woman took a large cake to Miss L——, with a bunch of flowers in the centre, and begged her to give it to Mrs. Elliott after the tea, but on no account to disclose the name of the donor, who was also the maker, of the cake. No suspicion of these gifts had occurred to the Mission-woman, and her surprise and delight in them may be imagined.

In September the Incumbent made an earnest application to the Managers for a grant towards the maintenance of a second Parochial Mission-woman, of whom "we are in terrible want." The same application described the need of a better room for the meetings, and urged the taking of a

Mission-house. Unfortunately want of means frequently obliges the Managers to refuse such entreaties from devoted and hard-working clergy, the sympathy of the public not having kept pace with the growth of the Association. But, just as the difficulty in this instance seemed likely to be overcome, Mrs. Elliott's health gave way. The following letter will show the feeling this illness excited:—

“COYNANT HOUSE,
GLOBE ROAD, MILE END,
November 6, 1871.

“What I desire to accomplish is to cut my district exactly in half, and have a Mission-woman working in each moiety. The two poorest streets in the district, though there are one or two depositors from them, are not worked at all, and I feel sure that a Mission-woman would do much good in them apart from the mere collecting of the pence. Miss I. L—— would be pleased to undertake the superintendence of a second Mission-woman, and as we have now another lady to help her in the meetings, I do not think it would be too much for her. With regard to Mrs. Elliott I am in very great grief. Although the medical man will not say, and I should be extremely sorry to hint my opinion to her, yet I am afraid that she is suffering from cancer. I most sincerely hope that this is not the case, and it *may not be*; but from what nurse tells me, there is only too much fear. I do not think she will be able to accept Lady B——'s kind offer for the next six weeks. I cannot express to you the sorrow which I feel at

Mrs. Elliott's illness, nor the esteem in which I hold her. It is wonderful to see the way in which she manages to obtain the respect of all who have to do with her. There is but one universal feeling concerning her. She is rather sharp in her manner, and quick in her temper; but she is so ready to deny herself for others, and at the same time so strictly honest and truthful, that, as she is known, she draws both respect and love. To give you an instance of this. Some twelve months ago, a family who had been for some considerable time in great distress in this district, moved away to Enfield, the man having got most excellent and permanent employment in the Government factories there. Their first act was to go to Mrs. Elliott and offer to keep her entirely if she would only live with them and manage the house.

“Yesterday a young man, a shoemaker, came to me, and proposed to get up a concert on her behalf, knowing that her expenses must be great. Poor nurse, who lives in the same house with her, and takes the greatest care of her, is heart-broken about her. It is quite a relief thus to write to you about her. I have never praised her, never given her the slightest reason for thinking that I esteem her as I do; but now that she is ill, and her illness brought on by over-work, I feel sure that you will excuse my expressing to you how strongly and warmly I regard her. Fortunately, during her illness, her niece can occupy her place. She is twenty-eight years of age, and very respectable. Miss L—— says she does very well at the meetings; and she has her aunt's instructions every morning. I see I forgot to state what I could offer to contribute towards a second Mission-

woman, if the Fund will be kind enough to grant me one. You know that your brother has been kind enough to offer me 10% a-year for two years for that object, and I would guarantee another 10% besides the 5% which I now subscribe. I only wish that I could offer more."

Mrs. Elliott rallied however after a few weeks, and seemed so much relieved by rest and treatment, that hopes were entertained that the disease was of a less malignant character than had at first appeared to be the case. And the new year began brightly, with the prospect of increased work at St. Augustine's. The second Parochial Mission-woman was started, and at last a suitable Mission-house found, large enough to furnish an excellent ground floor room for the weekly meetings, as well as to accommodate the two Mission-women, and the nurse. In January 1872 Mrs. Elliott was present at a small tea-party given to enable the mothers of the boys boarded out at Minchin-Hampton to meet the Rector, and her interest in every detail of the plan, as well as in the report read of the progress of each boy, was as keen as ours. She considered herself much better, and spoke very gratefully of a hamper Lady B— had sent her from the country during her illness, enumerating its contents with great exactness. But neither the chicken, the wine, nor the tea had delighted her so much as the fresh vegetables

and herbs. They were the special dainties, for they reminded her of "dear Devonshire." In March the Mission gained another worker in the Hon. Miss S——, who undertook to give frequent help at the weekly meetings, as well as in the management of special cases. Her first acquaintance with Mrs. Elliott was formed in the Mission-room, where she was much impressed with the affectionate relationship which evidently existed between the Mission-women and the poor people, with her knowledge of their histories, and their reliance on her judgment. The pleasure felt in the acquisition of a new friend was needed to mitigate the grief experienced in the loss of an old one; for Miss S—— had hardly begun her work before the Curate of St. Augustine's resigned his parochial work for an appointment upon the staff of the Additional Curates' Society. The loss of the minister, whose friendship and kindness had been so great, so unvarying, and to whose teaching and guidance she owed, under God, so much of her spiritual life and power of work, was a heavy blow to Mrs. Elliott. His successor, the Rev. W. Langhorne, having formally applied for a continuance of the work of the Association, no change took place in its organization, beyond that necessitated by the increasing illness of Mrs. Elliott. Some doubts still existed as to the nature of the disease from which she was suffering such constant

agony. Lady S—— therefore arranged for her going to St. Peter's Home, Kilburn, where she had all the advantages of great medical skill, combined with trained and tender nursing. During her stay there she was cheered by visits from fellow-workers. Miss S—— says, that even when in such suffering that she could hardly speak, she loved to hear details of her poor friends at St. Augustine's. Her one wish seemed to be, that she might recover sufficiently to return to her work among them; and she would say again and again, "My dear people, if God would only permit me to go back to them;—poor dears, I know they must want me." It was the wish of the doctors that Mrs. Elliott should go into the new Hospital for Women in Soho Square. She shrank from this at first very much, but had learnt obedience in the school of suffering, and went there early in June. Before leaving St. Peter's I had a long and quiet talk with my dear friend, and heard her warm praises of the kindness and consideration which had been shown her in that beautiful Home. I said that she must enjoy the society of the Sisters, and the sight of their devotion to the suffering poor. To my surprise she was silent, but after a pause, told me their presence was almost more than she could bear, it made her feel her own inactivity so keenly. For that as our blessed Lord came not to be ministered unto but to minister,

she felt so "put back" from likeness to Him, by thus sitting still to be waited on by His servants. I tried to remind her of other points of resemblance we were called upon to cultivate, especially patience under suffering, and can never forget the earnestness with which she listened and then said, "God only knows how much I want to be like Jesus."

The Sisters quite understood the beauty of the Mission-woman's character, and one of them writes:—

"I remember Mrs. Elliott well; she was for some weeks under my care at St. Peter's, but the natural reserve and unobtrusiveness of her character prevent my being able to help you much towards a memoir. She suffered intense pain, for which there was no relief by anything we could do, yet I never heard her murmur, or saw the least fretfulness or impatience. She so dreaded giving trouble, or disturbing the other patients that it required watching, and cross-questioning to discover when she needed fomentations or other means to alleviate her pain. She was always grateful and thankful, and tried to lead those near to feel as she did. She certainly valued Church teaching most highly, and made great efforts to communicate frequently, getting up early in spite of her pain and weary nights, that she might come into the chapel, declining to remain in the ward for the communion of the sick, until actually unable to leave her bed. She said she wished to do

all in her power to show her love and reverence to Him, Who had done so much for her, and Who had provided so great a gift. She spoke so earnestly and decidedly about it, that her example and words had much influence on some of the other patients. She seemed to love her work, and spoke of it with great reality, never with the boastful spirit one too often hears, nor did she ever begin to talk about herself. She left St. Peter's Home for the Hospital in Soho Square, when she hoped an operation might be the means of curing her; this she dreaded greatly, but accepted it quietly as her Master's will, praying constantly that it might be of use to her, and asking the Sisters' prayers for its success. We all took a great interest in Mrs. Elliott, and were very sorry when she left the Home, she had such a nice influence in the ward."

At Soho she was again visited by Miss S——, and cheered by news of St. Augustine's. Her whole heart was in her work, but the humility with which she spoke of herself was very touching. "If God permits me to return to them, there are many things I should like to do differently; I hope that I have learnt a great deal since I have been ill, and I would try to do better than I have done." The Hospital doctors gave hopes of her finding relief, and perhaps cure, from an operation, if only her general health were strong enough to bear the trial; and with a view to restoring its tone, Lady S—— arranged for Mrs. Elliott's spend-

ing a few weeks at Blackmoor, in the cottage set apart for the Parish Nurse. She was much pleased with the idea, but timid about the journey. The undaunted spirit which, while in health, had braved difficulty and conquered fatigue, now quailed before any effort, and it was not till Lady S—— suggested taking her down herself with her own party, that Mrs. Elliott could summon courage to meet the unknown dangers of the railway journey into Hampshire. Unfortunately, Lady S—— and her family were at Geneva during the whole of Mrs. Elliott's stay at Blackmoor, so that she missed the comfort which that lady's thorough knowledge of Mission work, and love for the Mission poor, would have been to the invalid, whose whole heart was in St. Augustine's. She wrote gratefully of the kindness shewn her, and only wished her Stepney friends could share the new cottages built at Blackmoor. The Nurse's account of her guest shall be given in her own words:—

“I don't think any one ought to judge of a person in such suffering as she was, except by their previous life; but she seemed to me to be naturally impatient, and as time went on she got much, much more patient, but her pain was so bad that it was terrible to have to bear. She could never sit quiet for a minute together because of it. She was very fond of reading, and would

go and lie down on her bed of an afternoon with the Monthly Packet, or some other book which had been lent her. She got to church whenever she could and received Holy Communion. . . . It was all so quiet, so respectable here, no drunkenness, nothing of that kind, and then she would discourse on the riots and fights etc. that went on under her window till past midnight in London. The quiet and stillness struck her very much here, and at the end of her time she used to say how she would like to be buried here, in such a sweet, clean, uncrowded churchyard. She hated being sent away from London at first. She yearned so to be back, as she knew that she must die, but she always talked heartily of her work, as if she would lovingly go back to it to-morrow, did she think she could ever recover. . . . She was not talkative. Sometimes the very smell of cooking made her so ill, that she could eat and do nothing. She was fondest of talking about her troubles, and her bad, drunken husband, and the nephew she brought up that turned out so badly, and she used to say it was this personal knowledge of suffering helped her so with the poor she had to do with. She did not think any one could get on with them as she did, who had not had her bitter experience. It made her know so well how to get round drunkards. . . . One day I got her out to the hop-fields, and she was so anxious to see what that *low work* was like. I told her every body did it here, and it was not considered at all *low*; but she said the lots that went regularly from Stepney to hopping, were so low she always thought it must be dreadful. Well when she saw Master J—— and every body picking away, she was that surprised and so amused

that she said, 'Well, when I go back, I shall tell them it is quite respectable work, and, as the minister's son was hop-picking, no one need mind.'"

But neither change of air nor skill were of any permanent good. Nothing could arrest the progress of the terrible malady, and on her return to London, in September, it was evident to Mr. Langhorne, that she would never be able to resume work in his parish. For many months Mrs. Elliott's niece had acted as deputy, but this was an arrangement which could not be continued, nor could either remain in the Mission-house, when no longer doing Mission-work. It was most painful thus to part with one for whom both clergy and managers felt so deep a respect and affection, but duty to the work itself required the appointment of a successor to Mrs. Elliott. No change was however made before Christmas, when the marriage of the niece enabled her to receive her aunt into a home of her own.

The reader of the preceding pages will have formed his own estimate of the merits of the subject of them. He has seen how much her character and work were valued by her own class, by her clergy, and by the Lady-managers of the Association to which she belonged. One other testimony is added, viz. that of Edmund Holland, Esq., a friend of Edward Denison's, a

sharer of his work, and like himself a resident in the district in which Mrs. Elliott worked, and from his position an impartial judge of its results:—

“It may be stated that her principles of working were entirely in accordance with those of the Charity Organisation Society. She worked well in a particular line, in which Mission-women will not always work heartily, viz. that of depauperising the people. Mr. Cartwright, as well as of course Denison, soon became convinced of the evil of doles to the poor. In fact there were a coterie of us then, who a long time ago worked together on this point. We did so, not as some accuse us, mainly and principally upon economical theories, but first of all, because we saw the moral evil of the system, how it encouraged vice, crime, and recklessness, and bred misery, hypocrisy, and unreality. A population attracted to the parson by doles of relief cared little for his instructions, and soon got accustomed to use the proper words expressive of its faith, when manifestly it had no faith at all. Nor were churches filled under this system, though the clergyman was besieged for alms. Mr. Cartwright soon gave out that he gave relief only to the sick. Then he got up a flourishing Penny-Bank. Mrs. Elliott threw herself heartily into the movement. To her having, as she had, considerable insight into character, and knowing much of the life of the people, it was no good coming with whining notes of complaint, when she knew how they were living, and how their evil was brought upon themselves. They must suffer then—sad, heart-rending it was,

but it was God's way of bringing men to repentance—and besides it was useless, if not positively wrong, for us to give that which would simply be wasted, while the misery would be recurrent week after week. She had grasped the great truth, that we can abolish poverty, misery, and crime, only by cutting at their roots. That we cannot be strong for our neighbour, but can only try and make him strong for himself. Now the tenderness of heart that is required to work out these principles is a fact which is wholly overlooked by ordinary district visitors and distributors of charity. It is for ever easier to give oneself, or recommend others to give, to the suffering upon pleas of future amendment. Mrs. Elliott never did this. She had got to know what those pleas meant, and waited, as God waits, for His own way of *repentance* first. I am no adulator of departed friends merely because they are good, but I give my observations for what they are worth, and I say, that women like Mrs. Elliott read in this most clearly the doings of God, and suffer in spirit after the manner in which Jesus Himself suffered, for ills they as He have to look upon, and cannot with all their energies cure. Well then, it is these people whom the poor ultimately respect and love, just as mankind ultimately get to love the *Just*. How many people have been saved by quiet, unmarked words of that poor woman going about, as the Great Teacher did before her, from house to house, with here a word about providence, a suggestion there about care, a warning against sin, a sympathetic word for weakness, a help towards strength,

telling them all the time that she could not do for them, that they *must do for themselves*, now and then a stern rebuke of vice, the stopping of the mouth of hypocrisy ere the full extent of its lies is told—of course we cannot tell. But I am bound to say this, that her way of going about among the poor is the true way; and that in her I not only lost a most valuable co-operator, but a true friend.”

Little more remains to be told. She never left the rooms into which she was carried on her departure from the Mission-house, and in which she spent six months of ceaseless suffering. Her sole income had been derived from the Parochial Mission-woman fund, and when that ceased, she became entirely dependent on the kindness of her friends. To add to these afflictions, Miss L——’s illness prevented her visiting Mrs. Elliott, and this parting from her beloved Superintendent was a sore trial to her faithful Mission-woman. She might have said with the Patriarch of old—“All these things are against me.” But ever by her side, and in the midst of the fiery furnace, she was comforted and sustained by the presence of the Son of God. She had devoted time, strength, and heart to the service of the greatest and best of Masters, and He never forsook His servant during one hour of her long passage through the valley of the Shadow of Death. She had glorified Him by her quiet

work, and now she was permitted to do so by her quiet patience. Mr. Langhorne visited her regularly during her illness; she frequently told him that she "was devoid of fear, and full of peace." She was entirely free from cant and talk about religion, but she had a sincere faith in God, and a living hope of acceptance with Him through the merits of our Saviour. She partook with great reverence and thankfulness of the Holy Communion on more than one occasion, and devoutly joined in the prayers which were offered on her behalf. Another time, by her own request, he used the beautiful Office for the Visitation of the Sick, to which she attended very devoutly. Besides these special services, Mr. Langhorne would read passages from Holy Scripture, offering prayers suited to her condition, and was always welcomed by her, and he too testifies to the great patience and resignation with which she bore her illness, which, though most trying and painful, never now provoked a murmur or complaint. Her interest in St. Augustine's continued until her malady seemed to consume her strength, and her advice was very frequently asked, until it became difficult for her to rouse herself. Mr. Langhorne adds, that the advice she gave was always sound and clear, and bespoke a Christian spirit. In his last interview, a few days before her death, he was struck with the humility

of her mind and the quietness of her spirit. Although suffering agonising pain for many months, she was evidently supported in her mind by the present help of God, and said so.

Through the kindness of a private friend of the Managers, Mrs. Elliott obtained a pension of five guineas per annum, from a Society called "The Association for giving help to Poor Incurables." The first payment was in February, and it was continued till her death. The system adopted by this excellent Society is that in every case a lady undertakes to receive the quarterly cheques, and to expend them in the purchase of additional comforts for the invalid, giving an account to the Honorary Secretary of the Society. The money is not an allowance, nor does it therefore interfere with parish or other relief. Mrs. Elliott received with her usual gratitude, the information of her immediate appointment to this little pension, and Miss S—— undertook the management of it. Being unexpectedly detained in Scotland, her duties were kindly fulfilled by Mrs. M——, whose residence in the city enabled her to be a frequent visitor to the dying woman, and from whose letters many of the following details are gathered. These visits were the more interesting because Mrs. M—— had just begun work as a Lady Superintendent in a newly started mission in St. Philip's, Stepney. Mrs. Elliott de-

lighted in hearing and talking about this fresh branch of the old work, and greeted the new Parochial Mission-woman thus—"And so you're in the work, my dear; I hope it will prosper with you; it did with me!" and cautioned her always to remember that the greatest poverty is often the least apparent. Mrs. M—— adds, "She was always bright and cheerful, aye even full of fun, and I used to delight her greatly by praising her capacity for mirth. I never saw her without her Bible, Prayer-book, and Manual of Devotions for the Sick close at hand, and she used to say, that as long as her pain would permit her to read, it was very bearable. Her real living faith in God never failed, though she herself used to say, "there are times when I get thoroughly down, but next day something always happens to make me ashamed of myself." It was a particular instance of this, that when she had spent her last available money on her necessary cordial, and the medical man was urging her to get some more (it being the only sustenance she could take for days together), she told me she had said, "The door is shut; God wills that I shall want it; and all the while," she added, "Mrs. P—— was on her way to me, with a store of it, and Mrs. C——'s promise that it never should fail me!" I shall never forget the joy with which she told the story. The glimpse of God's hand in the gift gave it double value.

To the last she retained her love of flowers, and used to enjoy those sent her. Nor had long sickness made her selfish. She would often express the fear that she was indulging herself too much. The intense thirst, which was one of her many trials, made fruit particularly grateful to her parched mouth. Yet on Mrs. M—— taking her some grapes, she said, "You are getting me into bad habits." She was much afraid of injuring her niece by her long attendance, and used to tell with much pleasure how kindly that niece's husband would go long distances to procure some little dainty with which he hoped to tempt her failing appetite.

It was not till June that Miss S—— and I were able to go down to Stepney to see her once more. She was sitting up in bed, and looked so haggard, so worn, and so thin, that hardly a trace remained of her former self, and, though glad to see us, she was too ill for real conversation. She was pleased with our bright flowers, and held them in her wasted hands. The clotted cream brought back her old love of Devonshire, and she said two or three times over, "There's no place like the West-country." In answer to some remark on the length and severity of her illness, she said that her sickness had brought many evil actions which she had forgotten back to her memory, and that she had prayed for forgiveness; and, folding her hands

together, she said most reverently, "God has forgiven me for all my sins." Perceiving how great her sufferings were, we asked if we could in any way relieve her; but she answered that she wanted for nothing, excepting a softer cushion: and we sent a water-pillow that night on which she died. Dropsy was in her feet and legs. She could eat nothing solid, and had had no sleep for some time. But her warm heart was unchilled; and the messages she bade us deliver showed that her memory was unaffected by her bitter pain. "Give my duty to Lady S—— and the other ladies. Tell them I pray God so often to bless them, for they do love His poor. May He bless them all, and that dear creature who gave us the teas. . . . My love to the Mission-women, and beg them to be kind to the sick. Some of them say that they don't care about sick people. That's wrong. They should love them, for Christ did." There was a pause; and, remembering our conversation at St. Peter's Home, I took up the large copy of the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, which was lying on the bed, and read those beautiful words, "For He Himself went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain; He entered not into His glory before He was crucified. So, truly, our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ; and our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with Christ, that we may rise again from

death, and dwell with Him in everlasting life." Her whole face brightened at the sound of these familiar words; she turned towards us, and said in a loud, clear voice, "We know those words by heart, but we love to hear them over and over again." It was the momentary flicker of an expiring flame, and after a little silence we bade her farewell. A few more days and nights of suffering passed slowly by, and on June 21, 1873, Jane Elliott entered into her rest, her last articulate words being the expression of her tender affection towards her niece.

The feelings called out by her death, and shown at her funeral, were fresh proofs of the love and respect inspired by her life. They are described by her old clergyman, who came up from Leicester to take part in the service; and his letter has the additional interest of containing a history of the friendship with which he regarded his former Mission-woman:—

“LEICESTER.

July 8, 1873.

“I had the melancholy pleasure of committing Mrs. Elliott's body to the grave, and of saying a few words in St. Augustine's before she was taken to the cemetery. I first knew Mrs. Elliott when I was curate to Arthur Cotton, at Bow Common. She did not live in that part of the parish where I was accustomed to visit, and possibly I should never have known her had it not been for a curious

circumstance. A young milkman brought up his sweetheart from Devonshire to be near him in London. He came to me to ask me to get her a place. I happened to be in want of a servant at the end of a month's time from that date, and she went to live with Mrs. Elliott until I was ready to have her. There she was taken ill with the measles; and it was from visiting her during that illness that I first became acquainted with Mrs. Elliott and with her character. When the first woman I had at St. Augustine's failed, Miss K—— recommended to me Mrs. Elliott. Soon after she came to live in the district, and somehow or other I think wound herself round all our hearts. I can truly say that I was never more attached to any person of her class; and when I performed the last offices for her, although I was thankful that she had been relieved of her pain, I felt the most genuine sorrow for her loss. Nor was I singular. The chapel was full of women, all of whom had put on mourning for the occasion, and who testified by their sobs and expressions of grief, to their appreciation of the few remarks which I made upon her manner of life and conversation. In the street the same expressions of sorrow were to be heard. I spoke to a great many persons, and not one but expressed their regret at her death. I saw her some three weeks before she died, and she spoke to me then concerning the kindness with which her old women remembered her. She smiled as she told me of one who, after expressing her regret that it was not in her power to bring her anything, added, 'But if you should

want to put anything away, I will come at any time and go to the pawn-shop for you.' Poor woman! her last words to me, as I bid her good-bye, were, 'I can't hope to see you again;' and then, baring her arm, which was reduced to nothing but skin and bone, she said, 'I should not be of much use at a tea now, sir.' The affection which she obtained was not won by any external charm of manner or of appearance. She was blunt and, after her illness began to come upon her, irritable. She always expressed her mind freely, and, if she knew or believed herself to be in the right, would at once contradict. I don't think that I am doing her an injustice, when I say that her success was in a large measure due to her being pre-eminently suited to the district which she had to work, and to the clergyman with whom she had to do. I can well imagine that with some clergymen she would never have got on, and that in some districts she might not have suited. I took to her because she was thoroughly fearless, truthful, and unconventional. I found in her a person on whom I could rely, and who never modified nor withheld her opinion because it was contrary to my own. And the same qualities made her popular in the district. The people knew that she was not to be taken in, and they respected her accordingly. All their excuses availed nothing with her. She was as well acquainted with the circumstances of the people, with the way in which their money was spent, with their troubles, and with their vices as they were themselves, and they knew it. And she was no tale-bearer. But I have been speaking so far only of the surface of her character. The

principle of her life was duty ; and I never came across a person in any situation of life who was more thoroughly governed by this principle. She was not what some persons would call a devout woman. I do not suppose that she ever felt that pleasure which some feel either in private or in public worship ; but whatever she saw to be her duty, at whatever cost to herself, she never shrank from performing. And I don't think that I can do better on this point than repeat to you what I said over her body at St. Augustine's, that often when I have felt depressed or wearied from my own work, I have had my spirit revived and my energies braced from observing the quiet devotion with which she went about her work. I honestly believe that some little good was done whilst I was at St. Augustine's, but I am equally certain that that little would never have been effected if it had not been for Mrs. Elliott. This devotion to duty on her part led to the great charm of her character, which was its utter unselfishness. Neither pain, nor weariness, nor hunger stood in her way of doing kindness to others. Often, I believe, has she stinted herself that she might do something for a neighbour. As to the pain which she suffered, and the manner in which she did her work whilst suffering that pain, the nurse of the district will tell you better than I can. I don't think that I can express to you how much I was attached to her. Beyond my own immediate family I have never grieved for any one as for her."

At her own request she was buried by her husband in the Victoria Park Cemetery, where her

poor friends at St. Augustine's have subscribed to erect a stone cross over her grave. Three of the Managers of the Parochial Mission-women's Fund have also placed a memorial tile in St. Paul's, Bow Common, in memory of Mrs. Elliott, in whose life, work, and death they thankfully acknowledge a rather special share.

The present condition and future prospects of England are subjects of the deepest and widest interest to her children. During the last fifty years her wealth and her population have enormously increased. But are her homes happier? Are her people more godly? The answers to such questions should not only be sought of the upper ten thousand, but of her working millions. What are the poor doing for the poor? They can combine for higher wages or longer holiday. Can they form a holy union to promote Christian civilisation among themselves? The working-men subscribe large sums for the employment of those who sow sedition and teach intimidation. How many of them are ready to sacrifice time, ease, and amusement that they may help their neighbours to help themselves? They are familiar with the words, "To the poor the Gospel is preached." But the Gospel contains commands as well as promises. Obedience to the one is the condition of enjoyment of the other. The twelve apostles were poor people, and it was to them, as well as to

the rich of future ages, that the Saviour addressed the words, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." "This is My commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love than this hath no man, that a man should lay down his life for his friends." If we are, then, exhorted by Our Lord Himself to be willing to die for one another, shall we hesitate to devote all that makes life precious to His service? Dare we think of His Blessed Life of toil, hunger, thirst, weariness, disappointment, and solitude, and then offer Him the cold benevolence that gives what it can spare without inconvenience, and reckons up the hours spent for God, while it takes no count of the whole days devoted to the world? Shall we be afraid of fatigue, or trouble, or self-sacrifice? Shall we shrink from small means, bad smells, close air, rude words, or disagreeable people, and call ourselves followers of Him "Who pleased not Himself?" It is so easy to talk eloquently, so difficult to work earnestly, to submit humbly, to endure patiently. But Jane Elliott's life shows that even this is all possible. She gave herself a "lively sacrifice" to God for the service of His Church. She gave all she had, and counted not her life dear unto her for His sake. And the proof of His acceptance of that offering was the work He wrought *in* as well as that He wrought *by* her. For by nature she was proud, hasty, and

insubordinate. By Grace she became obedient to every rule, patient under exquisite suffering, and so sweet and bright in manner that those who only knew her in the latter part of her life could hardly believe that she had ever been otherwise. The road by which she trod is open to all of us. Reader, are you striving after likeness to Christ, are you labouring for the glory of God?

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